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Is marvellously easy to work.

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NOVEMBER 2, 1877.

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JOHN HARDMAN, MANAGER.

NOVEMBER 2, 1877.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

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# THE CITY JACKDAW

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EMBRACING PORTRAITS OF

The Mayor Elect (Mr. Alderman Grundy), Sir Joseph Heron,  
and others.

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AT THE

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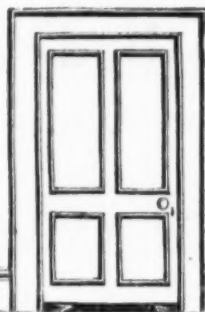
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IMPROVEMENT ON THE OLD PRINCIPLE.

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# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. II.—No. 103.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## CLARA BROWN.

[BY LEONARD BRIGHT.]

HE was only a child—the child of poor parents.

John Brown, her father, was employed as a sort of general utility man in one of the large warehouses in the heart of Manchester.

Clara, I said, was “only a child.” By this use of the word *only* I did not mean—God forbid!—that therefore she was not worth thinking and writing about. My object, instead, was, to let the reader know at the offset that to-day my heroine is only a child.

Let me try to picture her as I first saw her.

Seated at the mouth of a gloomy-looking court within a stone's throw of Oldham Street, is a middle-aged man, with a little girl on his knee. He is a working man and has not been long home from his daily toil. If things were all right, or even moderately right, with him, he would be a happy man; as it is, a touching sadness sits on his face.

But I take little notice of him; it is the girl on his knee that rivets my attention. She is somewhere about five. Neatly dressed in a cotton frock, a white pinafore, red stockings, and shining shoes, she seems as fair a child-angel as man ever looked upon. What a sweet, dainty face. But oh, how small! What nicely formed legs and arms. But oh, how thin! Her beautiful blue eyes are dancing and sparkling, and flashing rays of loveliness and light all around, as the costliest diamond of Princess or Queen never did, nor could.

The gentle little creature seemed to be getting robed out for another world than this. Clara Brown—for it was she—appeared to be dying.

She had been ailing for months. Her father and mother did all they could to arrest the stealthy steps of disease, but they were poor, and disease makes light of poverty as a foe.

Her father—listen, ye City Aldermen and Councillors!—had brought her out to the mouth of the Court this night “for a little fresh air.”

“Fresh air?” Not a breath of this cheap yet priceless article ever came within reach of John Brown's two-roomed home. Every gale that blew was laden with death, not health, ere it reached his court. All through the city as it swept it picked up more and more pestilential odours, and laid them as the offering of a high civilization on his humble table.

Why did he not go and live elsewhere? For the substantial reason that if he had it would probably have been out of the frying-pan into the fire. His case was the case of thousands. We leave our poor to perish—mentally, for lack of knowledge; bodily, for lack of air.

A man with only twenty shillings a week, a wife and two children, cannot always live where and how he would like to live; and, do what he pleased, John Brown could bring in no more.

“I think you're better to-night, lovey,” said the father, as he sat on the step at the court entrance, with his arms round her mite of a waist.

“Yes, pa; Clara am better now;” and she clasped her arms round her father's neck and kissed him again and again.

Clara's illness had made her more childish in her mode of talk than when she was two years younger.

John Brown gave a long, deep sigh as he heard her soft, thin tones, and gazed far down into her silvery, rolling eyes—her mother's eyes.

Already, she looked as one who belonged to another sphere than this. John Brown tightened his grasp of her to make sure that she had not yet been wrenched away, and, wondering how he would be able to face the worst and get on at all without his pretty pet, he lifted his hand and wiped a tear from his eye.

Rich people who dwell in grand mansions love their children as the apple of their eye. They caress them, fondle them, doat on them, romp

with them, would do anything and everything for them, prize them above all wealth. In the dismal dungeons of the poor, love for the little ones is equally strong. A child-prince is no more to king and queen than a child-peasant is to lowly labourer and his wife. A nation's laws would be better and fairer if a nation's legislators recognised and remembered this.

“I'm so glad you're better, Clara,” resumed the father; “you might soon be strong again if you could get to play a whole week among the flowers and the grass that we see in the country on Sundays sometimes.”

“Yes, Clara loves pa, and ma, and Georgie, and the kitten; and Clara do love the flowers, too. Clara play nice with the flowers; Clara no hurt them and make them die and go to the black hole.”

“No, pet.”

“We goes and lives with the flowers?” asked Clara, with some glee.

“Yes, some day;” and John Brown's heart again took hold of the future and drew it near to him till once more he found it hard to cheer his child.

“Clara feel cold; Clara want to go to bed,” she said; and he carried her into the house.

After Clara and her brother Georgie had been put to rest, Mrs. Brown commenced to sew, and her husband took up a weekly paper to while away the time.

“What is that you are busy with, Jane?” he inquired, sometime afterwards.

“A new frock for Clara; she has strange fits of cold now; we must try and keep her as warm as we can.”

“What do you think about Clara?” he asked hesitatingly, without raising his eyes from the newspaper.

“She is far from well,” answered Mrs. Brown; “very far from well.”

“Do you think she'll be spared to us?” Mr. Brown still shrank from meeting his wife's eyes.

“Oh! John,” sobbed the mother, unable to check her feelings any longer; “oh! John, have you noticed it, too?”

“Noticed what, Jane?” And John Brown now laid his paper across his knees and looked at his sorrowing wife.

“That Clara is dying; there is no doubt about it. She is being taken from us. It may be slowly, but it certainly is surely. All we can do now is to keep her with us a few weeks longer, and to make her departure as painless as possible.”

Just at that moment there was a knock at the door.

“Come in,” cried John Brown.

“Good evening,” said the pleasant-looking youth that entered.

“Good night, good night,” said John and Jane Brown. “Take a seat, Mr. Sutton,” added the latter.

The visitor was David Sutton, a young man whose parents lived at Harpurhey, and who was himself serving his time in a merchant's office. He had come to John Brown's house that evening because he was a teacher in a Sunday school in the neighbourhood, and because Clara Brown had been absent from his class on several occasions lately. Having stated the cause and object of his visit, he was informed, in return, of the critical condition of Clara's health.

While listening to the sad tale his heart was bowed down within him, for he had come to love little Clara with all a teacher's love.

On going home, David Sutton informed his father and mother of what was then uppermost in his mind.

The result was that he looked in again at John Brown's house the following afternoon, and arranged with Mrs. Brown that he would call next day in order, if her husband consented, to take Clara out to Harpurhey, where she would play with his young brothers and sisters, pluck the flowers, and, he hoped, pick up a new lease of life.

**BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES** (Manufactured by Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

Though a trifle reluctant at first, John Brown, on reflection, approved of the proposal, which, it is pleasant to add, proved eminently opportune and satisfactory.

With plenty of fresh air, abundance of wholesome food, the best medical treatment, and careful nursing, Clara Brown quickly threw off the evil effects of penury, and became a robust, romping girl, as which, after a time, she returned home.

The years sped along. Clara was now a young woman of seventeen, helping, partly by her earnings, chiefly by her sweet, gentle ways, to make her home a holy influence throughout the street where the Browns now lived. David Sutton, now a young man of twenty-nine, had risen from one position to another till he stood at the top of the tree in his master's office.

Gossip was not far wrong. Twelve months later, David Sutton led a fair bride to the altar, and ever afterwards he blessed the time when, as a mere lad, his heart went out in pity towards poor, perishing CLARA BROWN.

### MUTINOUS CLERGYMEN.

Scene : Manchester Church Club. Time : The present. Dramatis Personæ : Small group of Clergymen and Laity.

WEST (St. Philip's Rectory) : Is everything ready?  
Haworth (St. Catharine's Rectory) : Almost.  
Kirkham : We must strike hard.

Omnes : Certainly.

Haworth : We can no longer allow the Dean to encourage this Knox-Little.

West : No ; our Churches must be withdrawn from the Cathedral Rural Deanery altogether.

Kirkham : That's the only course before us.

Haworth : I wonder how Fraser will like our letter.

West : It will come on him like a clap of thunder.

Kirkham : Serve him right ; I almost fancy that at bottom he's with Cowie and Knox-Little.

West : We'll surprise the lot of them.

Haworth : What's the use of a State Church if those who differ from us are not to be muzzled ?

Omnes : Yes ; what's the use ?

[Enter Croston, looking excited.]

West : Well, James.

Croston : Spoiled again—the cat's out of the bag already.

Haworth : Who's gone and done it ?

Croston : The *Courier*, of course, with one of its "We understand," &c.

Haworth : Oh dear ! oh dear !

Kirkham : And the Bishop knows all about it !

Croston : No ; he never sees a *Courier*.

West : 'Tis well ; we must go forward.

Haworth : Yes ; we are bound to read these persons a lesson, and—we're the men to do it.

Omnes : We are.

[Enter the Bishop, who takes up a "Courier."]

West : We must dissemble.

Kirkham : That's a simple process—for us.

[The Bishop lays down the "Courier," and walks out.]

Croston : He has not twigg'd it.

Haworth : Even if he did, we cannot draw back.

West : No ; we'll smash up the Church to smithereens rather than let this Knox-Little ride over us.

Haworth : Ay ; that we will.

Kirkham : The scheme is worthy of the gods.

[LEFT HATCHING.]

GRAMMAR is at a discount these dull days. "Neither neutrality nor impartiality are words which admit of any very rigid definition." This was the opening sentence of one of the *Standard's* recent ponderous leaders on the war. Any schoolboy would have written, instead : "Neither neutrality nor impartiality is a word which admits of any very rigid definition." But in more ways than one some of the London papers have lately struck out a line of their own. They are far above anything so common and unclean as reason, humanity, or even grammar.

### UNPOPULAR SONGS—No. IV.

DOWN a dark passage, where no ray from Heaven  
Relieves the sombre glooming of the day ;  
Where no fresh breeze can penetrate to heaven  
Or drive the brooding pestilence away ;  
Where no more joyous sound than sobs and curses  
Are heard from early morning until night ;  
Where famine and gaunt death are children's nurses,  
And all is wreck and universal blight.

Down this dark passage, full of wretched hovels,  
Such misery unspeakable is rife ;  
Such want in grim-despairing silence grovels,  
As makes the heart grow weary of its life.  
No thoughts of brighter future ever enter,  
No star-ray ever pierces through the gloom,  
For Hope has flown away to Him who sent her,  
And left the wretched people to their doom.

See here, within this room a mother dying,  
With famine's wolfish look within her eyes ;  
While round the rags and straw where she is lying  
Three children ask for bread with plaintive cries.  
Down on her pallet, through the broken ceiling,  
With pitiless persistence drips the rain ;  
No doctor's needed : Death himself is healing  
That life-long woe, that fever of the brain.

Step but next door, and witness further horrors,—  
A baby dead, a mother in despair,  
A father mad with drink so ghastly terrors,—  
A scene of speechless misery and care ;  
The baby dead for want of food and clothing,  
The mother in despair because it died,  
The father drunk from sheer affrighted loathing  
Of what is now and what may still betide.

No need to wander further ; these examples  
Show what the rest are in these courts and lanes,  
Where every day grim Death's pale charger tramples  
On human forms, and human semblance wanes  
From these poor human pariahs, created  
In godlike image and with godlike power,  
But who by man-made destiny are fated  
To see no light until the dying hour.

And this, though nineteen centuries have vanished  
Since first the Christian Gospel was proclaimed !  
This in a land which thinks it long has banished  
The barbarous past, and foremost place has claimed  
Amongst the foremost nations. Which is preaching  
Morality to others. A physician  
Which cannot heal itself and yet is teaching  
Our duty is a foreign healing mission !

Here in this city, while we build a palace,  
We have no wealth to spend upon the poor.  
We say, complacent and sublimely callous,  
"Their homes are bad, then turn them from the door !"  
Our only panacea for such troubles  
Is to make people homeless, and to banish  
Such from our midst, hoping that they, like bubbles,  
Will float a moment on the sea of Time, and vanish.

Look to it, ye their rulers, for the reckoning  
Looms in the future with the form of Fate :  
Oh ! see ye not the hand of God is beckoning ?  
Will that voice reach you ere it is too late ?  
Ye reign but do not govern ; leave your places,  
And let those take command that will obey  
Dictates of laws eternal, and whose faces  
Are never from the wretched turned away.

**WORMALD'S CREAM OINTMENT, FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, IS TRULY EFFICACIOUS.**  
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## FRASER'S FAULT.

IN common with a large portion of the Manchester public, I have of late been considerably amused by a controversy which is going on between the Bishop of Manchester and the *Manchester Courier* as to their respective merits and demerits. I call it a controversy for want of a more expressive term, but it is not a controversy in the ordinary sense of the word. There is argument, or an intention to argue, only on one side. The Bishop, on several recent occasions, has given the world the benefit of his opinion as to the *Courier*, but he has not for a moment entered into an argument with that journal. The *Courier*, on the other side, has given its opinion of the Bishop, and has proceeded to argue with his Lordship, with the object of proving how wrong is his estimate of itself, and how deplorably blind and misguided any man must be who fails to see its superlative merits. The Bishop, from some reason or other, does not condescend to particulars in order to prove his case. The *Courier*, with the calm indignation of outraged innocence, steps boldly into the arena, and is prepared to vindicate its virtue, or—go on precisely as it did before, should it not succeed.

But before I go further it will be as well to give a succinct history, not of the whole case, for the quarrel is now one of some years standing, but of the particular circumstances which have now again brought it prominently before such of the public as listen to the Bishop and read the *Courier*. The new phase of the feud commenced at a meeting of the Statistical Society, about a week ago, where the Bishop, in the course of a speech concerning things in general, remarked, "Here (in the diocese) I have duties to perform, and in performing them I cannot please everybody—certainly not the editor of the *Courier*." Now this observation might have meant no more than that his Lordship and the editor of the *Courier* did not think alike, and that consequently neither was likely to be pleased with what the other said, and so need, by itself, have excited no great surprise in the editorial breast. But a few days afterwards the Bishop, no doubt fearing lest his expression might have been misunderstood, became more explicit. At the opening of the new Manchester Church Club, when enumerating the advantages which that institution is to offer to its members, he said: "I can see here, for instance, what the *Church Times* may have been saying about me, or the *Rock*, or even the *Manchester Courier*." Here, again, is a comparatively harmless and natural remark, were it not for that one word "even." That "even" was too much for the equanimity of the *Courier*. The line must be drawn somewhere. The *Courier* can stand abuse; no journal knows the value of that article better than it does, but it stops short at contempt. It does not mind the deadly stab, but it objects to the ignominious kick. And yet the *Courier's* blood did not boil much; it can hardly be said even to have simmered. It was calmly resigned; it was loftily virtuous, and, more in sorrow than in anger, it came out the other day with an article nearly a column and a half long, in which it proved to its own entire satisfaction that the Bishop understood neither his own position nor that of the journal he had so scandalously maligned. It explained with an air of ineffable innocence why the Bishop differed from it. It also, with superlative gravity, explained why it differed from the Bishop, and how a sacred duty compels it to do so. It heaped coals of fire upon its adversary's head, and showed that, though compelled to chastise, it still loved him a little by saying—"But for the attitude of active opposition which Dr. Fraser so frequently and so unnecessarily assumes towards Conservatism, we should have very little to say with respect to his career save what might be expressed in the language of almost unqualified praise." And yet, pathetic as this is, it did not, I am sorry to say, soften the episcopal heart, for on the very Sunday following, when the Bishop was preaching at All Souls' Church, he must needs have another slap at the *Courier*. He said: "When I take up the Manchester newspapers—though I must confess I do not often see the one which opens its columns most freely to religious controversy, and in which those wretched letters have recently appeared, imputing entirely false motives to those who were really earnest servants of Christ"—the rest of the sentence is irrelevant, so I need not quote it. Now it will be admitted that no human journal could be expected to stand this, and it is not surprising to find the *Courier* foaming a bit at the mouth and tearing out a few handfuls of its hair after such provocation. It dealt leniently with the Bishop on the first occasion, as one would with a sinner of whose repentance there might be still hope, but it "let 'im 'ave it 'ot." The article this time is not so long as its predecessor, but it is more to

the point. It begins by pointing out that its antagonism to the Bishop is almost entirely of a political character—for which candid admission, much thanks! It has done no more than it is the duty of every honest Conservative to do when he finds himself confronted with the efforts of "an able and deservedly influential Radical propagandist," this being the first time I have learnt that the *Courier* thought that a "Radical propagandist" could ever be "able" or "deservedly" influential. With this much by way of preliminary, it waxes into a rage of the holiest type. The Bishop is told, in effect, that common decency ought to prevent him from attacking the *Courier* on a sacred day and in a sacred place; the poor man's friends, it is hinted, ought to keep away from him all newspapers which make distasteful comments on his utterances—just, I suppose, as they would avoid showing a red rag to a bull—and, to cut the story short, the article winds up with this dreadful, this annihilating blow: "It will have been observed that the sermon which the Bishop delivered in the morning at All Souls', Ancoats, was re-delivered on Sunday evening at the Cathedral. It is evident, therefore, that the most laudable desire of the Bishop to introduce current topics into his Sunday sermons finds certain limitations which even his facility for oratory cannot overcome. It is an appalling consideration that, but for the opportunity which the Bishop found of amusing his hearers by attacking this journal, his Lordship might have been reduced to the dire necessity of preaching, twice over, on Sunday last, a sermon in which he would have been compelled to fall back upon the simple declaration of some of the truths of the Christian religion. As, in that case, no report of the oratorical effort would have appeared in any of the Manchester papers, the extent of the service which has been rendered to his Lordship by the *Manchester Courier* will, we trust, be generally appreciated throughout the diocese."

I suppose there is no one who can still have any doubt of what the *Courier* means. It is abundantly clear that in its eyes the Bishop is guilty of an unpardonable sin—that of being a Liberal. The *Courier* would forgive him much, almost everything indeed, but his Liberalism never. He might go about denouncing Dissent, reviling the supposed enemies of the Church, praising mountebank Prime Ministers, and launching his *anathema maranatha* at the heads of the party who sit on the Opposition benches, and not a week would pass without the *Courier* calling down blessings on his episcopal head. He would not be a political propagandist then, but a "staunch defender of the British Constitution—glorious institution," "a light in dark places," and so on. But he is a Liberal. He dares to think that the Church needs reform; he believes that the Tory party is the obstacle to progress; in short, he has a mind of his own, and he has arrived at conclusions that all independent men must accept, and the *Courier*, therefore, will never, never forgive him.

## HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE.

HOW true it is that we don't know our greatest men. One of these doubtless, is Calcraft by name. His influence on this age has been enormous. Whatever he has done has been done with all his might. Few of our greatest men—military geniuses excepted—have laid society under such a deep debt of gratitude as this same Calcraft has done. Yet for some inscrutable reason he has not yet figured in any of the standard editions of "Men who have Risen." That is his misfortune, not his fault. Who has proved a greater saviour of society in this nineteenth century than Calcraft? Who, I ask, has laboured more to make life tolerable, let alone sacred? But it is not in this aspect alone that Calcraft should be contemplated. Noted as he is as a hangman, he is, or should be, equally well known as a gentleman of refined tastes. One of the weekly religious papers in London holds Calcraft in high honour. "I am familiar," writes a correspondent of this journal, "with the purlieus of Seven Dials and the New Cut, I have won the *entrée* of thieves' quarters and listened between solemn death-gasps to their broken confessions and murmured prayers; and I have begged cuttings of Calcraft, the hangman, from his beautiful flowers, and chirruped to his canary. How fond he was of flowers, and how fair were the curtains behind which they stood; how, at the corner of the poor street, traversed by a great thoroughfare, curtains and windows could be so clean and free from dust seemed somewhat of a marvel. No doubt this agreeable result was due to his daughters, but it could not have been they who carved those natty gates and palings by which the plants outside the small upper window were defended." Merit, you see, will assert itself sooner or later, oftener, some say, later than sooner. Fancy Calcraft as a florist! It is well that the flowers cannot think, that they are not gifted with the power of imagination, else, as the ex-hangman attends them, they would get it into their heads that he is but placing a rope round their tender necks.

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### AMUSEMENTS.

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BAND EVERY EVENING & SATURDAY AFTERNOONS.

### WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

**T**HAT Mr. Thesiger has been appointed one of the judges in the Appeal Court.

That many persons had never heard of the gentleman's name before Wednesday last.

That Mr. Thesiger is 39 years of age, and has been a Queen's Counsel four years!

That he has been foisted into this exalted position over the heads of some twenty known and tried judges.

That it would be the height of folly for a Thesiger to sit in judgment on the decisions of a Martin, a Brest, or a Lush.

That Lord Cairns and the Government will have to account for this extraordinary proceeding some day.

That, with all their faults, they don't manage matters much worse in the United States Republic.

That the great suit, *Birch versus Cane*, promises to last as long as the memorable case of the *Queen versus Orton*.

That the Cane which wrought all the mischief is to be exhibited in the New Town Hall.

That tickets for inspection may be obtained of Sir Joseph Heron.

That the School Board teachers are laying heavy odds against Birch.

That Birch is laying 10 to 1 against Cane.

That our local Scotchmen say they will back their native tawes—Scotland's cat o' nine tails—against either Birch or Cane.

That Mr. W. Birch, junr., has strictly prohibited the use of cane-bottomed chairs in the Orphanage.

That J. W. Maclure, Esq., D.L., J.P., &c., in discharging a youth at the County Police Court the other day, advised the boy's mother to take him home and give him a thundering good thrashing.

That Mr. W. Birch, junr., means to institute an investigation into this case as well.

That the 5th of November will not pass off quite so quietly as the 1st of November did.

That as much powder will be wasted here next Monday as might blow up Plevna, and Osman Pasha to boot, to the highest heaven.

That the descriptions of the Manchester-Thirlmere Water Scheme in Wednesday's daily papers were very dry reading.

That Mr. Alderman Grave, the only man who has read each one of them, cannot say, as yet, which was the best.

That all of them were very good; but there was too much water, and too little of something else, about them.

That Thirlmere water is the very thing for Manchester, only—as the City Council deputation practised, not said—it should always be mixed with something or other—it matters not what.

That the learned dissertations should have appeared a week earlier, alongside the reports of the U. K. A. annual meeting.

That Sir Wilfrid Lawson writes to us that he has a bone to pick with the Thirlmere scheme.

### THE LATE MR. G. H. BROWNE.

**A**BOUT the time that the audience were separating at the Prince's Theatre last Saturday evening, the well-known and popular proprietor of that place of amusement was quietly slipping off this mortal coil in the home which he had adopted for the last twenty years, at the Queen's Hotel. The announcement of the death of Mr. George Harrie Browne will have a significance beyond the circle of the profession with which, during the last few years of his life, he has been more immediately associated, for Mr. Browne had not only been a successful *entrepreneur* amongst actors, but a trusted ally of and caterer for the public. He never spoke for himself, he never courted popularity, but he permitted the little *bijou* of a theatre in Oxford Road to tell its own tale; and very soon the theatre-goers of Manchester and the satellite towns found out who was their friend, and to whose busy brain and unstinted liberality they were indebted for the most charming theatre, of its size, in England, if not in the world. Of Mr. Browne it may be said that he revolutionised, in Manchester, the whilom relations between the public and the theatre. Importing into the theatre, from the shrewd region of purely mercantile activity, the sovereign idea that a customer should be coaxed and made comfortable, and not be baffled and balked in his search for recreation, Mr. Browne was constantly on the *qui vive* for constructional and upholstery novelties in his pet workshop. Those who only knew the Prince's a dozen years ago would scarcely recognise it to-day when it glitters like a feast of Chinese lanterns. Our theatrical institutions in this city have, consequently, been Americanized, because it was an American who gave us the lead; and the familiar *soubriquet* of Boston Browne will long be remembered in Manchester. When Mr. Browne was thinking out something for the benefit of his customers, he thought all round the clock, for the gallery and pit equally with the boxes and the stalls; not merely politically, but commercially, he was a republican. But whilst he ruled apparently with a light hand, and never allowed discord to creep into the front of the house, the least symptom of mutiny "behind" was ruthlessly suppressed. Those who essayed liberties with the proprietor, as a novice in his craft, did not remain to get the benefit of the doubt—they were "bound to go." When Mr. Browne said "I want," it covered a deal of ground. Any attempt to encircle Mr. Browne with embarrassment at the eleventh hour usually found the attempter cornered before the twelfth. They were "bound to go, sir, for I'm boss here." We had in this departed gentleman a strong man and just; of unfairness, in the sense of gaining pecuniary advantage over an employé, he never could be accused. Methodical himself, he looked for method also in those with whom he bargained, and he never permitted the plea of genius to atone for recklessness or sloth. He was perfectly well aware that actors and actresses are not amenable to precisely the same laws as warehousemen and clerks, but he insisted that the Ten Commandments should not be violated in real life because you were playing "Othello" in stage life. Curious, incomprehensible (to the uninitiated) stage life, so misunderstood, so maligned! He, of whom we write, came to it fresh from a more graduated, more definite, if you will more respectable, sphere of labour. But cold as was his outer bearing to those who knew him only slightly, and regular and successful as had been his prosecution of his career as a merchant, his heart was always open to the little troubles of the youngsters of both sexes, whom fate or choice had flung on to the stage. "My child," he would say, "why are you here?" And if all the world be indeed a stage, why are we any of us here?

"The play is done; the curtain drops,  
Slow falling, to the prompter's bell:  
A moment yet the actor stops  
And looks around to say farewell!"

**TIC-DOLOREUX, NEURALGIC PAINS, AND TOOTHACHE.**—BUSHBY'S NEUROTONIC gives immediate and lasting relief, is also invaluable in nervous and general debility. 1/4 and 2/6, of chemists.



## ANOTHER TUSSLE WITH TOUCHSTONE.

**L**IKE the doughty Goliath of Gath, Mr. W. Touchstone has been a man of war from his youth upward. Yet even the best-skilled and the best-trained men will sometimes make mistakes in giving or parrying a blow. That Mr. Touchstone should have done this a good deal lately, has caused us deep regret, because we had anticipated a really good set-to this time.

The history of the encounter up till now and its position at present can be set forth in few words. On the 28th of September we called attention to the fact that the Government were offering for sale several Church Livings in the Counties of Northumberland and Cumberland, these same Livings having been lost to the Derwentwater family when the third Earl lost his head as a rebel. We suggested that the Government, in hacking them about the country, were acting on behalf of the people, Nonconformists and Churchmen alike, adding that honest men do not generally sell goods, or attempt to sell goods, which are not theirs. Mr. Touchstone took up the matter; but, instead of grappling firmly with the question, he merely indulged in a clumsy statement as to the Earl of Derwentwater's crime and death. We had asserted that these forfeited Church Livings were now in the hands of the whole people, who, if they liked, could stop the Government from dragging them about from one market to another. Mr. Touchstone studiously avoided all this in his so-called reply, and tried to make a deal of capital out of the cases to which we had referred being, as he said, "exceptional cases." Willing to give him another chance, we mentioned on the 19th of October that no fewer than eight Church Livings were advertised for sale in the *Times* of the 16th of October, concluding our short article in the following terms:—"Eight Church Livings advertised for sale in one paper on one day! Eight congregations—men, women, and children—to be handed over to the highest bidder! We like it not. Does Mr. Touchstone? If he says he does, we shall think less of him after this than we have done before this. If he says he does not, why does he not unite with us in trying to get a bad thing done away with? Perhaps, if the truth were known, we think as much of the Church as Mr. Touchstone does. Surely, he won't say that all its goodness and all its power for good centre in the fact that its Livings are bought and sold, and that it is under the thumb of the State."

The mighty Goliath took up the cudgels again on behalf of the Church. Speaking at a political meeting at Harpurhey the other day, Mr. Touchstone tried hard to annihilate us and our arguments in the presence of Mr. Hugh Birley, M.P., Mr. Reed, Mr. Redfern, and other great men. Of course he could not resist the temptation once more to deal in personalities. What he said about our own improved manners was so good as to make us laugh heartily. To be commended by Mr. Touchstone is an honour for which we were not prepared. But, if he will dabble in personalities, some small regard should be shown for the truth. Do what he pleases, this champion of the Church cannot induce us to follow his evil example. What we have to do is to uphold what we believe to be just and true, not to scold, least of all to malign, either Mr. Touchstone or anybody else. When he spoke of "Promotion by Merit" as his real opponent in these columns, he simply broke the Ninth Commandment. The gentleman alluded to was no more the writer of the articles complained of than Mr. Touchstone, or Mr. Maltby, or Mr. Croston was the writer of them. We have a decided liking for Touchstone; but—we must speak plainly—it is very naughty to tell lies. However, having got through his personal preliminaries in this erring style, he went on to speak as follows, again falling back on the sale of the Church Livings in Northumberland and Cumberland, which he had dealt with so lamely on the previous occasion:—

"Whatever money was made by the Government by the sale of those Livings would go into the hands of the Church for Church purposes. He had in his pocket authority. He wrote to the highest quarters on the subject, and amongst other evidence, he had evidence from the rector of what was the largest parish in England—Simonburn—it was 32 miles long and 16 miles wide. That parish had had built in it, since the confiscation to which he had referred, six Churches and one or two Chapelries. These Churches had also been endowed. The two-fold object the Government had in view in parting with the Livings was simply this—they wanted some gentleman of local influence who would feel a local interest in the Churches to purchase the Livings and take them off their hands. But what did they intend to do with the money from the sale? Half of it was to go towards the increase of the endowments of those little Churches, and the other half as good service pensions to chaplains in the navy who had given up their chance of promotion in parish work, and devoted themselves to the service of their country, and who in old age had no prospect of any advancement. Every penny of the money received by the Govern-

ment from the sale of the Livings was to go to the Church, and to the Church in the navy. Therefore, there was no truth in the statement that the Government intended to appropriate the money. They would not, and could not, touch the original endowments; there they stood, and there it was to be hoped they would stand for a thousand years to come. Churchmen were prepared to say, while they were not in favour of the system of the sale of Livings that had obtained in this country, that there was a good deal to be said on the other side, and that they were prepared to go in for a wholesome reform in the matter. But they declined to allow any man to take from the Church property given to the Church by Churchmen for Church purposes. They said to Dissenters, 'Keep your own money, but keep your hands off ours.'"

From this extract we have erased all reference to a gentleman who has nothing whatever to do with this controversy between Mr. Touchstone and ourselves, and who, from what we know of him, is quite capable of looking after himself, as Mr. Touchstone may yet discover. Evidently feeling somewhat shaky, and afraid of another dressing, Mr. Touchstone, or some of his zealous friends, sent us, at the same time, a batch of pamphlets published by the Church Defence Association. We have no intention to weary our readers. Both Mr. Touchstone and the pamphlets can be disposed of in a trice. We don't doubt Mr. Touchstone's word. Will he oblige us, nevertheless, by producing his evidence of the use to which the money realised from the sales was to be put? Wiley to the last, it will be observed that, though not saying so in so many words, he seeks to produce the impression that he has the "highest" authority for his statement. We wait for his evidence. It is pleasing to note that Mr. Touchstone is now prepared to go in for "a wholesale reform" in the matter of the sale of Church Livings. We are rejoiced to have made one such eminent convert. But on the general question of Church and State we fear he is still at sea. Not wishing to be hard on him, we are disposed to bother him no more about the Derwentwater Livings, or the Livings advertised in the *Times*; but let him concentrate all his energies and abilities in trying to cope with this simple proposition:—

If money once given to a national institution, like the volunteer movement, becomes the property of the nation, and is not returnable, upon what principle should money once given to another national institution, to wit, the Episcopal Church, not be at the disposal of the nation ever afterwards?

If he cannot answer this, perhaps he will kindly inform us, at his convenience, whether the Church, in his opinion, could not get on without the State. For our part, we think it could. Surely our estimate of the Church cannot be higher than Touchstone's.

## "OH! WATER!—GIVE ME SOME!"

**T**O raise a poor and passing smile  
Harvey, Lord Bishop of Carlisle,  
Sends to the *Times* a pun,  
By which the Peer makes game of us  
Who live in "villas villainous,"  
Warmed by the Prelate's sun—  
His aim to check the flowing here  
Of the cool waters of Thirlmere.

But must not all dramdrinking thrive  
When in the crowded human hive  
The tepid water is alive?  
And how can Bishops think  
That their religion will be taught,  
When aching brains are overwrought  
With alcoholic drink?—  
Such was not Harvey Goodwin's style  
When goodness won, for him, Carlisle.

This is no song of abstinence  
That militates 'gainst common sense;  
But passing strange it sounds,  
A Bishop striving to withhold  
Clear waters from a Christian fold  
Where drunkenness abounds:—  
Little he sees from Castle Rose  
Of human wants and human woes.

**CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.**

## BIRCH VERSUS CANE.

IT might have been pardoned, it would indeed have been only natural, if a good citizen of Manchester had wondered as he read his morning paper, at the beginning of this week, whether he really lived in a city renowned for its sobriety and sound common sense. There was letter after letter, there was report after report, all couched in an exalted strain of gushing sentimentalism. There were tales of terror and cries of shame. The journals, in fact, were deluged with a flood of sickly sensationalism and hysterical grief, which was the more nauseating to a healthy mind because its beginning and its upshot were a new illustration of *Much Ado About Nothing*. What did it all refer to? Had there been fresh Bulgarian horrors, and had the cause of humanity this time fallen into the charge of a band of Josephine Morrises? Had Brother Beecher been captured by the Nez Percés, and was the emotional sisterhood of Plymouth Church in arms, in tears, in convulsions, lest the savages should mutilate their blessed pastor? Had another Herod been desolating another Bethlehem, and was an army of Rachels making "lamentation and weeping and great mourning?" No, nothing worthy of a great cry, of strong indignation, of moving appeals, of agitation and charge and countercharge, and appeals to the Divinity, and invocations of humanity, and reference to the sacred banner of kindness—nothing to justify the commotion, the noise, the annoyance there had been. The simple fact was that a schoolmaster or a schoolmistress, or both, had given a stroke on the hand to one of the youngsters in Mr. Birch's Orphanage, and that excellent, but terribly impulsive man, had given new significance to his name by opening a crusade against the cane.

Birch against Cane—it is a great noble cause. No more whippings; the gospel of kindness; brotherly love; peace and goodwill—all this is very fine, albeit a little late in the day, and a mission hardly needing an evangelist at this time, in this town, or under a School Board so trustworthy as our own. A great cause and an inspiring cry fifty, thirty, twenty years ago, when the old rule was enforced that children must be taught to read and write through the agency of the rod, and whipped into the multiplication table; when the common schoolmasters were about as tyrannical as they were stupid, and torture was the accompaniment of every phase of school life. If there had been evidence that flogging was habitually practised in the elementary schools of Manchester, there would still have been an excuse for a protest, though even then it was incumbent upon the man who protested to avoid sensationalism and exaggeration, and not place reliance upon hearsay and the notoriety of newspaper correspondence;—it was incumbent on him rather to go to the school alleged to be the scene of the corporal punishment, and inquire for himself, and then carry his complaint to the one authority capable, and assuredly an authority willing enough, to deal with any question of abuse. But was there even that number of instances, or one instance of that gravity, to justify the protest which we have conceded as permissible? Not a bit of it. When one has succeeded in piercing the envelope of transcendentalism which surrounds all Mr. Birch has to say, we find the proportion between his facts and his frenzy is much the same as that between the bread and intolerable quantity of sack of which Falstaff made murmur. Like another famous Friend of Humanity, in fact—Story! God bless you, he has none to tell, Sir.

The rumpus began by Mr. Birch sending to the newspapers a letter he had written to Mr. Herbert Birley, and that epistle is typical as regards exaggeration, sensationalism, and a maudlin affectation which, if we did not really believe Mr. Birch to be a good man, we should call cant—in these respects it is typical of the whole correspondence on his side. Mr. Birch states, in a bold and unqualified way, that "it is a regular practice in some of the Board Schools to inflict cruel punishment on very little children." The practice you see is regular, and the punishment is cruel, and the children are very little. What cases in proof are there—what ground has Mr. Birch for his accusation? He is informed—mark that he is only informed—that a small iron tack nail had been inserted in the cane in one school, and that in another "the frame of a slate with its sharp corners" had inflicted the punishment. With these cruel implements Mr. Birch says that several children of the Orphanage have had their "tender hands grievously wounded," and he adds, as though the instance were distinctly convincing proof:—"This evening, when I was passing through the rooms, a little orphan boy lifted his hand out of bed, saying, 'Please, see my hand!' It made me shudder. Then a little girl

was brought to me with her hand in a poultice, and when I saw her wounded finger—it was such a very little hand, so terribly bruised—I wept. If their fathers and mothers were alive, what would they say? Does the law compel me to send such little children where they may again and again receive such injustice?"

That is all relating to the "regularity" with which "cruelty" is practised so severely as to cause "grievous wounds" in this first letter; and there are some points in it that call for notice, because they illustrate the temper in which Mr. Birch approaches the question. If, he says, such barbarism is demanded under the plea of education, he protests against it "in the name of that Christianity which forbids us even to hurt our enemies." That is the keynote to Mr. Birch's action in the matter. It is not fair to assume that he claims a monopoly of Christianity or humanity; but he evidently believes that he possesses both in a higher degree of sensibility than others, and that it was through his more acute sensibility that he is stirred up by God to "appeal against the system under which corporal punishment is supposed to be an absolute necessity.

Here, then, are two cases mentioned, and on Sunday night, at the Free Trade Hall, Mr. Birch referred to them again. With the mild remark that some of the dear children at the Orphanage had been savagely treated at the day schools during the week, he said that the boy had his hand covered with two blistered scabs, and the girl had her hand in a poultice on account of a "terrible blow" with the sharp corner of a slate frame. Mr. Birch's style turns upon strong adjectives and superlatives. His children are so very little or so very dear, and the blows are always savage or terrible. But leaving the style to come to the question, let us see how much truth there was in these two cases—the only two at first brought forward. First, as to the boy. He committed some breach of discipline, and received a stroke with the cane. The cane, it appears, is allowed to be used in boys' schools, of course guardedly; and for our part we do not see how a boys' school could get on without one in sight if not in use. A blister no doubt arose; but Mr. William Hughes, of the School Board, says it was a trivial affair, and he gives a direct contradiction to Mr. Birch's sensational—a stronger word might be used if Mr. Birch was not so very good a man—story of the hand being "covered with blisters." One word more on this head. This very boy, who was exposed as a victim of a savage system at the Free Trade Hall on Sunday, told Mr. William Hughes that it was the only time he had ever been struck in the school. Now as to the girl—to the whole of that story a most circumstantial denial is given. We have on the one hand Mr. Birch's statement that the little girl told him that she was beaten in the manner described, and we have on the other the declaration of the teachers that the case is wholly untrue, and that there was no weapon of punishment in the school. But this is not all, for there is a stronger piece of rebutting evidence yet to come. The story of "savage cruelty" requires that the child should have received her "terrible wound" from the slate frame on Friday. On Friday, however, she was not at school, and in reply to a messenger sent to the Orphanage to inquire for her, a reply was given she had a "bustion" and could not come. A "bustion" is a sore on the finger, and there being, as we shall show presently, some animus between the Orphanage people and the school, it seems only too probable that the child was made an accomplice in a falsehood to be imposed upon Mr. Birch, to the injury of the schoolmistress and teachers.

The two chief cases depended on being thus disposed of, it might have been expected that Mr. Birch would give practical expression to his abounding Christianity. One of the rules it ordains is to do unto others as you would that they should do unto you. He had made false charges against individuals, and he had made them publicly. They had been refuted, and it was his duty publicly to withdraw them and express regret. Nothing of the kind, however, followed. The first grave error of publishing accusations broadcast, without inquiring into the truth, was succeeded by a still graver sin—that of bolstering up a weak case by adding other details. There was an even graver offence than that, it seems to us, in giving out that Mr. Birley's letter was an admission of the charges; but we do not intend to dwell on that.

This second series of charges was in truth a document of a most extraordinary character. It opens a chapter of horrors suggestive at once of Torquemada and Legree: Martha Dale, a cripple, was "knocked about the school;" Polly Beaufort, "as sweet a little child as ever lived," was "severely handled;" and, crowning atrocity of all, Lizzie Collier, a mite of a child, "was knocked off a form by a teacher, then lifted up and knocked off again." There are some statements which we instinctively

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know to be false, and for which we require no contradiction. Of such is this nonsensical catalogue of impossible crimes. If they are not inventions of the children they are inventions of the medium of communication between the children and Mr. Birch. That is so obvious to our minds that, as regards these extreme cases, we believe the elaborate and convincing denial of Mr. Hughes and of the schoolmasters to be superfluous. But in this second series of charges we come to matters which seriously implicate Mr. Birch—Mr. Birch himself, for it is impossible to pretend any longer to shield him from personal censure. He says it has been a "continual occurrence" to whip girls in the Board Schools. Why in the world then did he not protest before?

He says also in a passage which deserves to be quoted in full:—"It has been not only orphans who have suffered. Other children have been removed to Church schools in order to save them from severe corporal punishment. Two poorly-clad and barefooted children, not orphans, have been whipped time after time, and the talk of other children who pity them is that they are punished because they are poor. Last night our children were whispering together about a sad case which took place several months ago, and I sent for one of them to tell me what they had been saying. She said, 'Nelly did not do what the teacher wanted, and the teacher thumped her in the back, and hit her on the head with a slate, and before Sunday Nelly died.' Before her death, I am told, her mother carried the little girl to the school to show how ill she was after being so severely punished. No doubt, poor Nelly must have been ill at the time, and nobody believes the teacher intended to do any harm, and perhaps she did no harm; but it is a pitiable fact that on almost the last day of her little life the poor girl had received corporal punishment at the Board School." This we really do not like to characterise. That it is untrue hardly needs stating; and we may add that both statements are conclusively proved to be untrue. But what are we to think of a man who will not hesitate to publicly accuse a school teacher of the crime of manslaughter, who will thoughtlessly and recklessly take away the character by the aid of which such a person lives, on the strength solely of children's stories, magnified, as they undoubtedly have been, by persons who have had a personal motive prompting them to play upon Mr. Birch's credulity?

The letters in the newspapers, to say nothing of the discussion at the School Board, have removed the last lingering suspicion that there may have been some foundation for the "savage cruelty" alleged to have been so regularly practised in the Board Schools. Except for the fact that one boy had a blow on the hand with a cane, the whole narrative of atrocities vanishes like the baseless fabric of a vision. Now, Mr. Birch, however indiscreet and foolish he may be, is a man of truth, who may be acquitted of having added a single item of circumstance to what he calls the evidence of his charges, and this being the case we want to know how these cock-and-bull stories first assumed form and substance. The newspaper correspondence enables us very easily to get at the clue to the whole affair. The matrons of the Orphanage have sent the children to school dirty and in an unfit state. The school-master and mistress have sent them back to be placed in a condition of cleanliness. The matrons and others have resented this reflection upon their methods, resented it so much that in one case Jane Snodgras, an assistant matron, wrote to the schoolmistress a letter, informing her (the mistress) that the place would be made "hot for her." We decline to reproduce the remainder of this disgusting epistle; but we have one question to ask Mr. Birch: Is Jane Snodgras still in his employment? The way to make it "hot" for the school authorities was soon found. The children were encouraged to tell stories of imaginary beatings, and these were told to Mr. Birch, who at once accepted them as gospel, or, in his case, we should say as more than gospel, and straightway, without investigation, and heedless of consequences, gave them to the world in letters and sermons of the most sensational character. This is most reprehensible, most cruel, to the teachers, most destructive to Mr. Birch's reputation, most lamentable. Altogether, we could have wished that the School Board had let the matter drop, for assuredly everybody, even Mr. Birch, we hope, is sick of it, while further inquiry as to whether in Board Schools' children are regularly flogged, will, after the explicit contradictions given, resemble nothing more than the process of flogging a dead horse.

MR. LONG'S great picture, "The Egyptian Feast," is on view at Whaites' Fine Art Gallery. This magnificent picture should be seen by everybody.

## THE THEATRES.

IN a brilliant review of Victor Hugo's *L'homme qui rit*, which appeared in the *Fortnightly* some years ago, Mr. Swinburne contended that the commonplace test of probability ought not to be applied to the productions of the great genius whom he eulogised. A similar claim was put forward also in defence of his own works by Mr. Charles Reade, and we conclude, after a first hearing of the "new drama" of *Hester Gray*, or *Blind Love*, which was produced at the Prince's on Saturday, that its joint authors (Mr. Farnie and Mr. Reade) must equally deprecate criticism on the ground of improbability. If this be not the case, we are utterly unable to comprehend how such a plot ever came to be constructed. We have not space to substantiate our criticism by describing the whole of the plot and its incidents, but a few facts gathered from the first act, styled prologue, and the act which follows it, will suffice for most readers. "Mark Gray," a blacksmith, has married "Hester," a lady apparently his superior in position and education, and he, to judge from the maudlin sentiments which he expresses, is dotingly fond of her. Whilst away from home on a visit, "Hester" meets an old lover, "Colonel Deane," finds that she does not love her husband, and agrees to fly with the "Colonel." Before taking the final step, believing that her husband has gone to meet her and bring her home, she returns secretly at night to bid her child a last farewell. She is detected by "Mark's" mother, and on the instant confesses the purpose of her visit. The appeals of the mother and her love to her child induce her to change her mind;—and she has but sinned in thought. She is about to seek her child's bedside, and there complete her triumph over temptation, when the bedroom door is thrown open by her husband, who, having meanly listened behind the door, and heard her confession, vows that she shall see her child no more. "Hester" staggers to the door, and is there, we presume, joined by her lover. The mother remains a passive spectator of this harrowing scene. After an interval of two years we find "Hester," in the first act, the occupant of the handsome house of the "Colonel." She has, during those two years, been living there, has been fed by him, and dressed and adorned by him in the very elegant attire in which we see her. But she has merely enjoyed his "protection," she has been no partner in guilt, and, to judge from what is exhibited to the audience, has been anything but an agreeable visitor in her "Colonel's" bachelor establishment. She has interviews with both the "Colonel" and her husband in the room in which we find her, and very dexterously manages to make it appear to both that each of them has wronged her. Smart bits of sarcasm, indeed, show that had they been more appropriate, some brilliant passages of that kind might have been expected from her. As the curtain drops, at the end of the first act, we feel that she has undeservedly, but irretrievably lost both husband and lover. In the rest of the piece we find the old story of the child stolen by mountebanks, whose performance on the stage, by the way, somewhat mars the melodramatic entertainment. The child is found by the mother, who, now blind, wanders about homeless and destitute, and is by her eventually restored to its father, then on his way to the hulks for the supposed murder of "Colonel Deane." The scene when the child is found reminded us of the celebrated scene in *Leah*, and it gave Miss Wallis, as "Hester," an opportunity for some of her best acting in the piece. We thought her somewhat stagy in the first part of the play, but in the latter part she much improved, and did all that could be done to sustain the interest in her part. Bad as it is, it affords her more than one opportunity of displaying her peculiar powers. Mr. Compton, as "Colonel Deane," hardly equalled our expectations, but he had a villainously bad part, not improved by his calmness and indifference in the sad scene with which the play concludes. "Peter," "Mark Gray's" apprentice, was made the most of by Mr. T. F. Doyle; but Mr. McNeill, as "Mark Gray," was ponderous and dull, and made a bad part even less attractive than it need have been. We were unable to discover one redeeming feature in the play, either in dialogue or incident, and if it should succeed, whether in Manchester or in London, we can only deplore the degenerate taste which loves such entertainment. The scenery and appointments were, as is usual at the Prince's, excellent; but we take exception to the introduction of the ladies of the ballet, even to garnish the performances of the mountebanks; also to the "Colonel's" live horse, and to the real water in the last act. The last only helps to drown the voices of the performers.

*Henry the Eighth* will be withdrawn from the boards of the Royal after to-morrow night, and *Macbeth* and *Much Ado About Nothing* will take its place.

At the Queen's *The Huguenot Captain*, well played and well put on the stage, is drawing good houses.

**W. ARONSBERG**, Optician to the Royal Eye Hospital, 12, Victoria Street, Manchester.



## THE SONG OF THE ORGAN GRINDER.

[With apologies to Alfred Tennyson.]

I HAUNT the streets at early morn,  
I make a sudden sally,  
I promptly wake the folks forlorn  
Who slumber near my alley.

I quaver there, I quaver here,  
With strains that never languish;  
The air is troubled, as it were,  
With waves of liquid anguish.

I clatter, clatter, for I know  
'Twill aggravate the giver;  
For men may come, and men may go,  
But I play on for ever.

I snatch a gossip as I grind—  
Perchance a cat's meat dealer,  
Or here and there a milkman find,  
Or here and there a peeler.

At morn it is the roving clan  
Who loiter with their cusses;  
At eve it is the muffin man  
Whose bell his trade expresses.

And all the time the thought I nurse—  
A thought that quits me never;  
That men may swear, and men may curse,  
But I grind on for ever.

Where'er I go I find no lack  
To vigour of inciters,  
I grind the strains of Offenbach,  
To plague unhappy writers.

I turn, I turn, and if they say  
They do not like the turning;  
Why, when they pay, I go away—  
I then my bread am earning.

And there next day I do repair  
To use my grim endeavour;  
For men may curse, and men may swear,  
But I play on for ever.

## CAWS OF THE WEEK.

REPORTERS are not infallible. Some of our public men—those, to wit, whose utterances are not worth reporting—say, indeed, that they are very fallible. Be that as it may, curious mistakes do occasionally creep into the best regulated newspaper offices. At the recent Congregational Union meetings at Leicester, for example, one of the orators spoke of "*the Divine totality of being*." The phrase, whatever it meant, was doubtless a good one; and the orator prided himself upon it accordingly. We can picture his horror on reading in one of the Leicester papers next day that what he really spoke of was "*the sublime brutality of feeling*." Serve him right! It is an ill wind that blows nobody good; the whole edition went off with a rush for the sake of the mistake, and the happy reporter's salary went up five shillings a week at one fell bound.

MR. MACDONALD, M.P., is stumping Lancashire with the view of convincing the miners that they can improve their position by doing less work. The hon. member for Stafford has done some strange things in his time, but never anything equal to this.

LANCASHIRE has a grievance. Here, as in other parts of Her Majesty's dominions, persons are sometimes apprehended on charges of having broken the law; but these persons have often to wait for weeks and months before a final decision is given as to their innocence or guilt. Here, too, people will occasionally exercise the right of Englishmen to fall out by the way on questions which can be dealt with only in our Civil Courts; yet these find, as a rule, that they cannot obtain a speedy and cheap settlement of their differences. Something has been amiss in these respects, an agitation has been got up on the subject, not by any systematic agitators, but by none other than our County Justices, and the case which they have made out is too strong to be overlooked long. Yet the govern-

ment hesitate to move in the matter; and some worthy men assure us that what the nation most needs is repose. When England ceases to march forward, then, indeed, she shall enjoy the sleep of death. Mr. R. N. Phillips, M.P., hints that the proposed reform will be stoutly opposed by London, which wishes Lancashire to take its cases to the Metropolitan Courts. But we don't mean to do anything of the sort. Lancashire is as populous as London, and far more wealthy, and we have yet to learn that Lancashire is not as necessary to the United Kingdom as London is. Lancashire has rights as well as London; and we do not doubt that she will insist on having them. When she does, the Government will graciously give way.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN, the poet, and Mr. Edmund Yates, the novelist, look as though they will yet extinguish each other. The latter lately called the former all the foul names he could think of. Mr. Buchanan, we are now told by *Mayfair*, will shortly publish a reply, which shall for ever overthrow his adversaries. Avoiding the somewhat personal, not to say the chemical, character of Mr. Yates' manifesto, Mr. Buchanan proposes to heap coals of fire on that gentleman's head, by attempting to prove, *inter alia*, that he was not the actual writer of some of the novels which are in circulation under his name. How these great men do love one another!

## MY SERMON FOR SUNDAY EVENING NEXT.

[BY WILLIAM BIRCH, JUNR., ESQ.]

ALTHOUGH my name is Birch,  
I'm gentle as the rain;  
No one except a witch  
Would use a broom or cane  
To whip the orphan'd ones  
In naughty public schools;  
Far rather give them buns  
And bring them up as fools.

Yet why get up this fight?  
Kind friends, was I to blame?  
Just note my sorry plight—  
My letters voted lame;  
With no one on my side,  
Ah me! And this is fame;  
I'm on an ebbing tide—  
Now, Birch, what's in a name?

The Press and Board both say  
They'll leave me in the lurch—  
List! list that jibing lay—  
What? "Cane's no worse than Birch!"

## PANTHEON DRAMATIC CLUB.

A PERFORMANCE was given by the members of the Pantheon Dramatic Club, in the Cheetham Town Hall, on Saturday, in aid of the Indian Famine Fund. There was a large and appreciative audience. The pieces chosen were a drama by Mr. Baddeley, entitled *The End of the Tether*, and Mr. Gilbert's comedy, in three acts, entitled *On Guard*. In the former, Mr. John, as "Bland Smyler," and Mr. Henry Hoffman, as the twin sprig, "Lord Augustus Firstwater," succeeded in imparting interest and fun in an otherwise very second-rate production. *On Guard* was the piece of the evening, and is too well known to require any description. It is sufficient to say that it fully tried the talents of the various members who performed, and it is perhaps needless to add that they all acquitted themselves most creditably. Special praise is due to Mr. Andrews, for his inimitable "Grouse," which he succeeded in making the character of the piece. Mr. Rhoades, as "Guy Warrington," Mr. Brittain, as "Corney Kavannagh," and Mr. A. Hoffman, as "Denis Grant," deserve praise for the rendering of their respective parts; but Mr. Taylor's "Baby Boodle" fell somewhat short of our idea of what the character should be. It is really the character of the piece. Miss Clara Lemon, of the Queen's Theatre, took the part of "Jessie Blake" with her usual care and attention. We are sorry to add that the music was abominable.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 61, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

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